

The Distances From Everyone To You

Louis XIV

Everyone around you wants your autograph
Hunting around, placing bids for a backstage pass
Just to pin you up like a photograph
You're a porcelain doll so fragile that could break so fast

You're sipping the tea like a porcelain doll
You wanted the world
You wanted it all
You got glass for your eyes
A mouth for your soul
You conquered the world
And then nothing at all

And the distances from everyone to you is a universe

They're listening to your phonographs
The critics are right in that everyone else is trash
They call you names like a psychopath
The market shop beauty turned you ugly till they make their cash

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The word pain doesn't change
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You found out and then nothing at all